

It's All Accordion!

JUST ten years ago a pretty Swiss girl named Irma Helbling came to England to demonstrate a new kind of piano-accordion. It incorporated improvements that sprang from cinema organ technique.

Her father—originally a manufacturer of mouth-organs—had personally invented this new kind of accordion—designing the treble keys like a piano keyboard, arranging the bass notes in a way that made the playing of chords simple.

It made playing the accordion easier than playing the piano—and began the boom that has never ended.

Yet accordions of a kind were known 5,000 years ago to the ancient Chinese.

They cropped up—like many of our wind instruments—in Egypt, and no doubt accompanied Nero during the bonfire of Rome.

On horse-drawn brakes, when in holiday mood, our grandfathers got a certain amount of fun out of accordions usually blessed with only four bass keys.

To-day, as every enthusiast knows, no other instrument can produce so many effects. It can crash out with the volume of a small orchestra.

A touch on the sliding bar of one of the higher-priced models—and you can pay up to £200 for the finest maestro instruments—and it plays with flute effects.

It can throb in tremolo, swing "In the Mood" into the groove—and it long since surpassed the saxophone in record sales.

To-day, Britain alone has over 200 accordion orchestras, bands playing nothing else. There are accordion players earning £100 a week.

Until production turned over to war work, a factory in Britain was employing 4,000 workers making nothing else—and a London school still has thousands of students a year.

A special short course for Service men is one of the most popular, but pupils have included old ladies of 70, not to mention a gentleman who had become a great-grandfather, but declared that he meant to keep up with the times.

And in the Swiss birthplace of piano-accordions as we know them, factories are still working overtime to keep up with the demand. One trainload went to Germany in exchange for coal which the Swiss urgently needed, and Swiss accordions are being exported to the United States all the time—to the tune of 25,000 last year.

Newest trends as shown in the latest models tend to streamlining. Mother-o'-pearl ornamentation has been so overdone in the past that many people erroneously believe the "p.a." to be an Italian instrument.

Now a curved accordion, shorn of all useless ornamentation, is putting comfort before show—and the p.a. gains dignity from an American classical composer who has written five concertos in which accordions feature as the solo instrument.

The old accordions—invented, so far as the modern world goes, by a Viennese in 1829—were little more than mammoth mouth-organs. They worked on the same principle.

And here's the story told by Peter Davis for the "SQUEEZE-BOXERS"



Music in both came from tiny strips of brass that trembled out notes when blown.

The modern piano-accordion may have four different reeds to each note, all made to vary their tone according to the common metal base against which they vibrate.

The reeds, too, are built into cells that can be varied to give different tonal values.

I have seen a superb, craftsman-built "p.a." with mechanism ten times more intricate than that of a typewriter.

The same craftsman had built a special-order model emblazoned with the player's name in diamonds. An Indian raj, he assured me, has banished his native orchestra in favour of a solo-accordionist.

New marvels are in the offing. After the war the trade hopes to get down to pocket-sized accordions almost equal in scope to large parent models. They've done it before! Most accordion manufacturers also go in for harmonicas.

If this grandiose "mouth-organ" can be reduced, then there's a chance for the accordion with its sweeping powers and respectable an-

"I'LL KNOCK HIM FOR SIX (AT LEAST)" SAID GEORGES

WHEN the date fixed for the meeting of Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki was announced it left boxing enthusiasts in this country cold. It was of no real interest, they thought, and it was not even a match.

Siki never had been in Carpentier's class and never would be.

You cannot expect to arouse much interest in a match that is regarded as a foregone conclusion. As an attraction to British fight followers it was scarcely worth wasting the price of a bus ride to see it, let alone making a journey to Paris for such an obvious farce.

Even French fight followers were not such mugs as to think that Siki stood more than a dog's chance, yet they turned up in their thousands, and the result was a record "gate" for a fight in Europe.

Carpentier was delighted. He would rake in a very nice sum of money, the Velodrome Buffalo at Montrouge would be launched on a wave of publicity that cost practically nothing. What better way was there to celebrate this grand opening than to show all his friends and the world at large how easily he could beat this ape-man Siki?

What a celebration indeed!

I'll bet the headache caused by that celebration returns to this day, particularly when the Velodrome Buffalo happens to be mentioned in Carpentier's presence.

He was a wise man who told us "Pride goeth before a fall."

Carpentier had shown such contempt for his opponent that the sublime fates intervened at the right moment to appoint this negro ex-dish-washer as the instrument to reduce that pride to its right proportions. It was meet that the crowd present at the Velodrome that Sunday afternoon of September 24, 1922, should be a vast one. They had gone to cheer their idol, and they stayed to deride that same figure after the negro had toppled him from his pedestal and revealed that his feet were of clay.

After the wild cheering had died down following Carpentier's entry into the ring, the few who could shift their eyes from gazing at the French champion must have noticed how ill at ease was the almost neglected negro, visibly trembling in his corner.

When they shaped for the first round Siki had the eyes of a wild animal, frightened almost to frigidity. He never attempted a punch during that round. Neither did Carpentier for that matter. He just waved

his gloved hands as if playing pat-ball in an effort to amuse an infant.

The pent-up excitement of the crowd soon spent itself and relapsed into boredom. Some spectators actually read newspapers at the ringside.

When much the same sort of thing went on in the next round they began to stamp their feet, shout various uncomplimentary remarks, and in general "give it the bird." The vast majority of them had paid their hard-earned francs to see a real fight, not to watch Carpentier amusing himself by

do little more than stop his rival's blows with his face; he had scarcely enough strength to stand, let alone get out of danger.

Carpentier knew that he was beaten. He did everything he should not have done in the fifth round. He butted, used his feet, hit his man in the prohibited region, and did all that any fighter could do to merit disqualification.

It was an ugly business, revolting, in fact; and the crowd hooted with all its might.

Not the negro. It was the man who had for so many years been the national idol that was hooted to scorn.

When the gong sounded the sixth round Carpentier seemed glued to his stool. He had to be pushed into a defensive position to meet the charging Siki, who rushed out like a Spanish bull. Hitting with a fury beyond control, Siki was indeed a wild man. He saw red.

Carpentier was drenched in his own blood. A little more than a minute of that round was sufficient to reduce Carpentier to a huddled heap.

He collapsed and fell to the boards, where he lay inert until carried to his corner by his seconds.

The verdict? Surely there was no need for that. The tumult was partly hushed for an announcement. "What is he saying?" asked querulous voices.

"The referee disqualified Siki. Carpentier is the winner."

The desire to see fair play is just as strong with the French as it is with a British crowd. The difference is in the manner in which disapproval is expressed.

At home we give vent to our feelings with a few shouts and weird noises, but very largely bottle up our indignation. Not so with the French.

On this occasion they really let themselves go. If Carpentier had been disqualified it would have been just, although it would have deprived Siki of his clear-cut victory; but to disqualify the negro—whew! That was diabolical!

Everything that was movable was thrown into the ring. The whole of that vast Velodrome was a battling, seething mob.

It was remarkable that the referee was able to get away alive.

There were three judges in addition to the referee. After that shocking decision the judges held a meeting, and as a result announced that evening that they had come to the conclusion that the referee had made a mistake. The official result was now a verdict for Siki.

In Paris they lavished everything on him, and—is it to be wondered at?—he lost his head. Paris was scarcely big enough to hold him. He was front-page news for several days, and then he came out with a real sensation.

He gave it out that his fight with Carpentier had been a "frame-up." This brought about a special meeting of the I.B.U., and a committee of inquiry was formed to examine all the principals. After hearing all the evidence the committee decided that Siki's charges could not be substantiated, and that was that.

Siki was subsequently suspended, but that was not the end by any means. We shall invoke his spirit at our next seance.

W. H. Millier
tells how
"Pride goeth
before a fall"

Cash Given Away!

BRITAIN is one of the most charitable countries in the world. On an average, in peacetime, every man, woman and child gave away ten shillings a year to various charities.

The rate has been maintained during the war, in spite of the fact that taxation has become so much higher and several million men and women have had their earnings reduced through joining the Services or other circumstances.

By far the most popular charity is the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, which has now been given over £24,000,000 since war began, and has a steady income from the hundreds of thousands who give their penny a week or more. Great gifts by millionaires are spectacular, but the "mites" of the little man go even farther.

The next largest sum has gone to the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund, which has received about £4,150,000, in addition to nearly £700,000 for the Lord Mayor's Empire Air Raid Fund.

The British people gave generously to alleviate the distress of their Russian Allies. The £3,450,000 given to Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund is included in the Red Cross total.

Another ally, China, has been given nearly £800,000 through Lady Cripps' Aid to China Fund.

Many people have felt that the best charity was to Britain itself, and spectacular sums have been given to Tank and Aircraft funds. Aircraft especially touched the people who had seen the Battle of Britain, and they gave £18½ millions in "Spitfire" and similar funds.

In addition, over £22,000,000 has been given in free gifts to the Exchequer. It should be clear that all these are gifts and quite separate from the hundreds of millions lent to the Government.

The astonishing thing is that with all these new funds, old ones have been maintained. Flag days, including the most popular "Poppy Day," have continued to make records.

Until the spectacular gifts of Lord Nuffield, Britain could put up little to compare with the astonishing charities of American multi-millionaires.

cestry. And if accordions zoom into popularity just through being comparatively easy to play—what is going to happen when they are easy to carry as well?

What's your answer, squeeze-boxers?

J. S. Newcombe's
Short odd—but true

In the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, is a small tombstone reading: "To the Church Cat, 1912-1927."

The tyre of a big bomber plane uses more rubber than the tyres of twenty motor-cars.

The Gold Stick is an officer of the Royal Household who attends the sovereign on State occasions.

The first man to discover gold in California was a Captain Sutter. He sued the American Government for 275,000,000 dollars, the value of his land overrun by miners in the 1849 gold rush.

Write in
to "Good
Morning"
—be a pal!

Concluding: DR. MANETTE'S MANUSCRIPT

I was brought to my grave

By
Charles Dickens

EARLY in the morning the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had

gone; in effect, stating all the circumstances.

I knew what Court influence was and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

The lady was young, engaging and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémont. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to.

She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both.

These scraps of paper fall

me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day. She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband, too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"For his sake, Doctor," she said, pointing to him in tears. "I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered."

She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, "It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?" The

child answered her bravely, "Yes!" I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms and went away caressing him. I never saw her more. As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defrage, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—oh, my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré," he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

It brought me here; it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffer was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner and identified me with a single gesture.

The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here; I was brought to my living grave.

If it had pleased God to

WANGLING WORDS—212

1. Put finish to PANT, and make a piece of jewellery.
2. Rearrange the letters of MA IN BOAT, to make a Canadian state.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WOLF into FLOW, HOME into SIDE, HARE into BELL, LIAR into RAIL.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from ARCHDEACON?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 211

- 1.—Madame.
- 2.—WASHINGTON.
- 3.—PLAY, SLAY, SLAT, SEAT, BEAT, BOAT, BOAR, BOAS, BOYS, HAIR, LAIR, LAID, LAND, BAND, BEND, FEND, FENS, PENS, PETS, NETS, BUNS, BINS, SINS, SINE, SIRE, SORE, SORT, SOOT, BOOT, BLOT, BLOW, SLOW, SNOW, SNOB, SNUB, BLUE, GLUE, GLUT, SLUT, SLOT, BLOT, BOOT, ROOT, ROOM.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Ah! Thank heavens for old Lofty's feet! Ours is the next tent—!"

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.

END

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in KEENNESS, though not in FERVOUR, My second's in SWORDFISH, but not OBSERVER, My third is in HEADGEAR and COCKADE, My fourth's in DEFENCE, but not STOCKADE, My fifth's in BESIEGERS, but not BLOCKADE, My next's not in OARSMAN, but CANOE, My last is in TACTICS, and STRATEGY, too.

(Answer on Page 3)

ODD QUOTES

I come from nothing; but from where Come the undying thoughts I bear?
Alice Meynell (1850-1922).

If this fail The pillared firmament is rottenness, And earth's base built on stubble.
John Milton.

Love is enough: though the world be a-waning, And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining.
William Morris (1834-1896).

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).
(a) A SINGLE HEM.
(b) TOM FLIES IDLY.
(Answers on Page 3.)

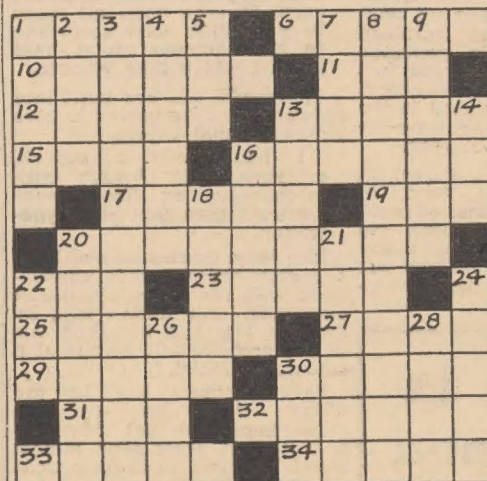
Answers to Quiz in No. 256

1. Singer.
2. (a) F. Anstey, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Bombay duck is a dried fish; others are birds.
4. Amelia Earheart.
5. Richard I.
6. Bees.
7. Delphinium, Dependence.
8. Obtuse means blunt; abstruse, difficult to understand.
9. Stalemate.
10. Sturgeon.
11. An Acadian.
12. (a) Quo, (b) See.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Shank.
- 6 Twist.
- 10 Unfedged.
- 11 Artillery men.
- 12 Heart.
- 13 Immerse.
- 15 Vegetable.
- 16 Town on the Trent.
- 17 Obscure.
- 19 Pasture land.
- 20 Attendance.
- 22 Health resort.
- 23 Youth.
- 25 Believed.
- 27 Superior person.
- 29 Mathematical line.
- 30 Bland.
- 31 Perched.
- 32 Edible bird.
- 33 Language.
- 34 Equals.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Rate.
- 2 Rodent.
- 3 Of a science of numbers.
- 4 In layers.
- 5 Weight.
- 7 Fish.
- 8 Reptile.
- 9 Resounds.
- 13 Sort of trumpet.
- 14 Girl's name.
- 18 Hollowed out.
- 19 Festive occasions.
- 20 Resist.
- 21 Guard against loss.
- 22 Musical note.
- 24 Does as told.
- 26 Fruit.
- 28 Done with.
- 30 Have a meal.

LASH DUMP
OCTOPUS RAM
FRIGID LOBE
TIP P HOVEL
DUB WAPITI
S LOCATES A
URANUS DIP
NOTED U OUT
DAIS BLANCH
ADO OATCAKE
E NEXT ELSE

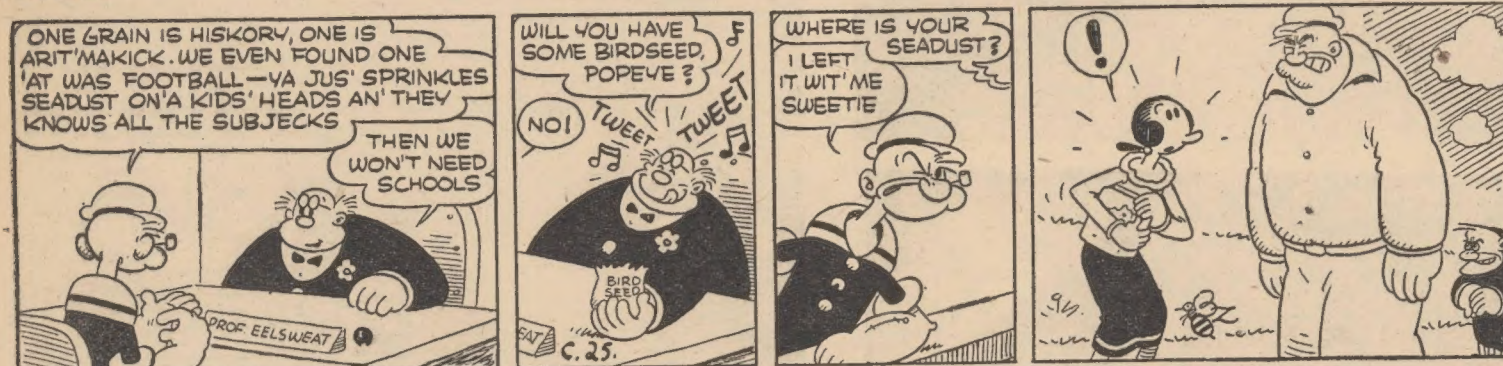
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



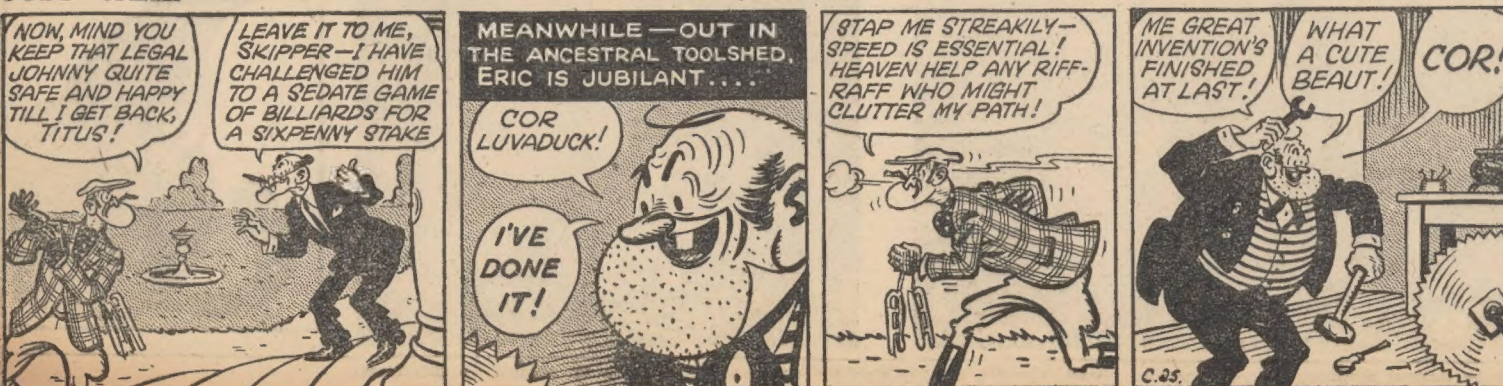
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ACTORS BORN OR MADE?

By John Howard

THE news that Sid Field, the comedian, has signed up to play the part of Britannus in a film production of George Bernard Shaw's book, "Caesar and Cleopatra," has raised the question, for Sid has never before "acted." Always has he concentrated on the "clean and clever" comedy for which he has gained a nation-wide reputation.

But talent-spotters, hunting for good actors, when they saw Sid "in action," realised he had ability in plenty.

After all, the funny characters he plays on the stage are built up from real people. His "Flasher Green," for example, resulted from a cup-tie between Birmingham and Manchester United.

Sid saw this "Flash Harry" strolling out of the ground into a cafe. He followed him, watched him talking, heard expressions he'd never heard before, and decided to try it out on the stage. It became famous overnight.

Ralph Richardson, now a Lieut.-Commander in the Royal Navy, is also a "natural" actor. Never does Ralph Richardson have to "force" his acting.

Sometimes, however, actors have been known, by forced means, to give some wonderful performances. One of the best instances of which I have heard concerns the ever-popular Victor McLaglen.

It was while filming the highly successful film, "The Informer," that director John Ford encouraged Victor to produce one of the greatest performances ever seen on the screen.

Just before leaving the studio one night, Ford casually mentioned to Vic that he should not trouble to learn the lines of the court-martial scene that night. "We'll try it out without any dialogue in the morning," he said. Later, Ford instructed all the other players in the scene to be word-perfect.

WAS VICTOR DUMB?

Next morning the scene was "shot." Victor was faced by the other players. They were word-perfect. Soon he became puzzled as his accusers—in the picture—began to throw words at him. He couldn't answer.

He looked more and more worried. And all the time the cameras were clicking. Victor rose to the occasion. Without knowing a single line, he proved himself one of the truly great actors.

John Ford, by cleverness, laid the foundation for this success.

Some actors and actresses have a natural ability. Others with ability have to have this "drawn out." The skilled director and producer knows the best method of doing this; it calls for restraint and a certain diplomatic skill on occasions.

It was the same director, during the filming of the "Hurricane," who brought off a master scene that showed Jon Hall to advantage. When Jon escaped from a prison by diving into the sea, John Ford pointed out that the aim of the scene was to make everyone in the audience feel that he was swimming for his life. Hall said, "I'll do it."

"I know you will," added Ford with a grin. When Jon dived into the sea and the guards opened fire, real bullets began to smack into the water around him. And the look of surprise that showed itself upon Jon's face wasn't all acting. . . .

Al. Hall, the Hollywood director, once found little Shirley Temple very difficult. He wanted her to cry in one scene he was "shooting," but all Shirley would say was, "I'm not unhappy. I don't want to cry."

The director asked Shirley's mother what she liked most at that moment. "Our new car," answered Mrs. Temple.

WHEN SHIRLEY CRIED.

A little later, while Al. Hall was talking to Shirley, his telephone rang. Picking up the receiver, he said in a loud voice, so that the little star might hear, "What! Mrs. Temple's new car destroyed?"

In a matter of seconds little Shirley was in tears, the director took her on to the set, and a really fine scene was "shot."

Later, when everything was explained, Shirley, like the good little trouser she is, saw the funny side of things.

It is to the credit of the British stage that it has produced some of the greatest "natural actors" in the world. Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Gordon Harker, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Laurence Olivier, all forgot that they were "acting" and "got inside their parts" while on the London stage. That great ability has never left them.

Solution to Allied Ports.
SWANSEA.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) SHINE & GLEAM.
(b) MELT & SOLIDIFY.

Good Morning

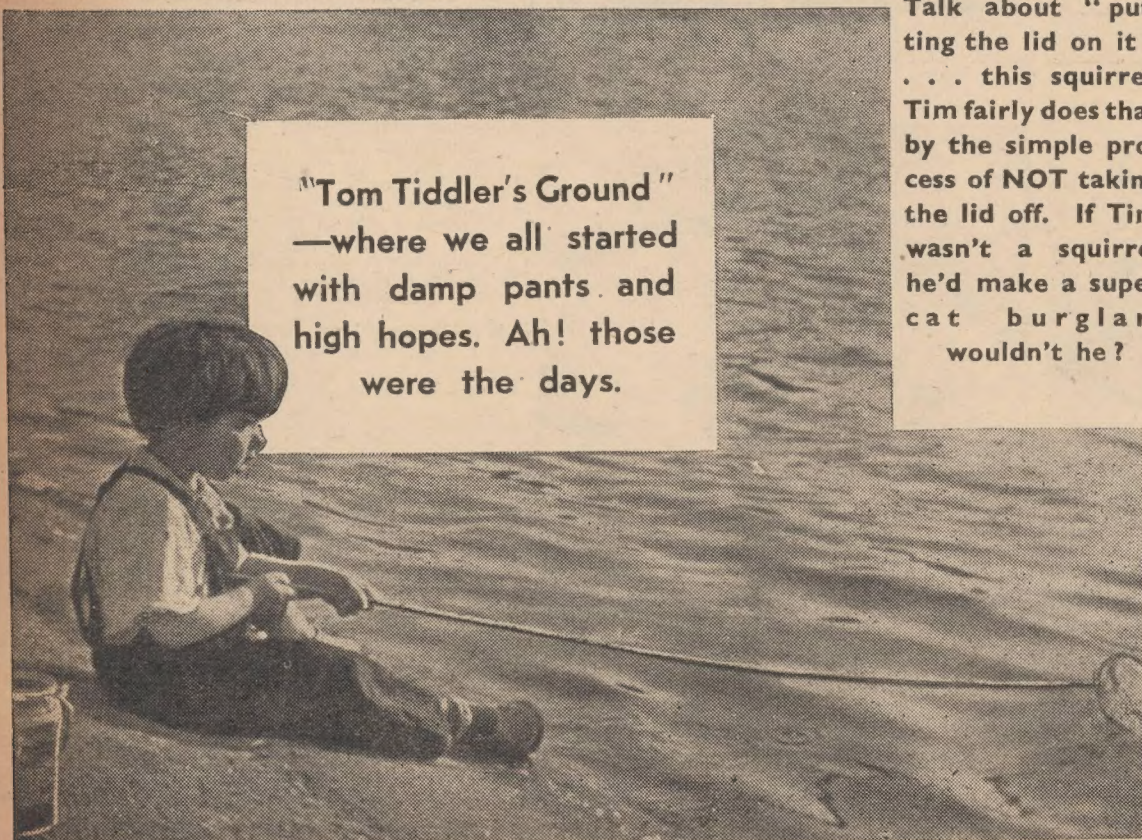
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

The quiet, unhurried. A peaceful scene on the road from Luccombe, near Minehead, Somerset.



A handful of Mischief



"Tom Tiddler's Ground"
—where we all started
with damp pants and
high hopes. Ah! those
were the days.

Talk about "put-
ting the lid on it"
... this squirrel,
Tim fairly does that
by the simple pro-
cess of NOT taking
the lid off. If Tim
wasn't a squirrel
he'd make a super
cat burglar,
wouldn't he?



Surely one of the
sweetest smiles we've
ever had the pleasure
of giving to you chaps.
Point is that it is M.G.M.
starlet, Dorothy Morris,
who is presenting same.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

